

THE
Johnson Journal



APRIL, 1951

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

JOURNAL STAFF

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-chief Marjorie Terret
News Editor Mary Ann Maynard
Exchange Editor Ann Hickey
Humor Editors . . . Dorothy Love, Noranne
Mahoney, Mary Gucciardi
Art Editor Barbara Deighan
Assistant Art Editor Alice Dolan

REPORTERS

<i>Boys' Sports</i> — George Knightly	<i>Student Council</i> — Barbara Watts
<i>Girls' Sports</i> — Betty Duncan	<i>Freshman Class</i> — Ina Thomson
<i>Clubs</i> — Mary Boyle, Arlene George, Ann Gioco	<i>Sophomore Class</i> — Marie Mastin.
<i>Assemblies</i> — Jane Broderick	<i>Junior Class</i> — Florence Towne
<i>Guidance</i> — Jean Calder	<i>Senior Class</i> — Margaret Willett
	<i>Special Features</i> —Betty Corcoran

BUSINESS MANAGERS

Anthony Galvagna Richard Banks

PROOF READERS

Joan Nery	Molly King	Beverlee Thomson
Geraldine Drummey	Doris Jones	Sandra Vose
Nancy Lawlor	Carolyn Dushame	Claire Markey
	Joyce Gillespie	

ROOM AGENTS

Geraldine Drummey	Marie Mastin	June Stead	Nancy Burke
Carmelina Cristaldi	Maureen Hogan	Gerald Gravel	

TYPISTS

Senior Typing Class

FACULTY ADVISER

Ruth Ann Mooradkanian

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	1	RECORD	14
LITERARY	3	SPORTS	18
POET'S CORNER	12	JOKES	19
TALK OF THE SCHOOL	13	EXCHANGES	19

Cover Design by Alice Dolan

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of Johnson High School, North Andover, Massachusetts

VOL. XXVII

APRIL ISSUE

NO. 3



EDITORIAL

DEMOCRACY SPEAKS

Attention, America, this is Democracy speaking. Yes, I'm speaking to you, each and everyone of you citizens of the United States. What is to become of **me**, John Doe? Do you realize that my future lies directly in your hands?

The world in which you are living is in a turmoil, as a result of the continual trouble-making of one of the largest nations in the world. Because the government of this nation is not democratic, she is trying to undermine the democratic nations of the world. She already has many of the European countries behind her so-called "Iron Curtain", and is trying to fill the minds of their peoples with things about the U. S. and democracy that are untrue.

As a result of the aggression of this undemocratic country, we are fighting a war on the other side of the world in a small country called Korea. The U. S. is not the only country which is fighting there, but Great Britain, Canada, Scotland, Ireland, France and many others. This war is being fought because we want to assure democracy throughout the world, besides putting an end to the domineering ideas of this aggressor nation. It remains to be seen if we can accomplish this before fighting begins anew in another part of the world, and another peace-loving country like Korea is awakened from its

ordinary way of life to suddenly realize that she is at war.

Here are only a few of the problems which surround you in this world today, John Doe. What is to be done? How will you preserve the democratic way of life in which you live? Remember what you mold me into, I will become. The full responsibility rests upon your shoulders.

Gioia L. Giribaldi, '52

PREPAREDNESS

Would you know what to do if an A-Bomb was dropped on your home town? Have you read carefully the pamphlets that have been distributed all over the United States?

Everywhere, in schools, hospitals and other public places, people are taking courses in first aid. They are preparing themselves for emergencies.

We do not like to think about being bombed or having war in our country. It has taken years, and courage, and ambition, to make the beautiful country in which we live today. We have fought crime, disease and many other obstacles. We are still fighting. Despite all the discouragements, we still have a beautiful homeland — America.

Besides all our own problems, there have been two world conflicts, World War I and World War II. Now we are seemingly on the verge of World War III. The thought is not pleasant, but we must face the

facts! We must be prepared for any emergency.

Officials say that it is possible for Russia to bomb certain cities in our country, but what cities? New York? San Francisco? Or even Lawrence?

In order to be able to meet such circumstances, everyone must cooperate and be prepared. Of course, we all hope we will never need to put into effect our preparations for A-bombing. Still it may happen, and it is better to be ready to repair the damages, than to be at a loss as to what to do.

First Aid is very useful in everyday life as well as during wartime emergencies. Many lives may be saved by proper First Aid treatment. Let's all realize the importance of cooperating by learning First Aid, and what to do in case of an attack. Let's help protect our United States of America!

Jean Ingram, '53

HELP SAVE A LIFE

More urgently than ever before, the people of the United States are being asked to contribute generously to the Red Cross drive. This year the Red Cross is asking Americans to donate eighty-five million dollars. This money will be used, as in World War II, to help lessen the human suffering that occurs in time of war.

You may ask, "How can we afford to give so much when prices and taxes are so high?"

No sacrifice is too great! Our servicemen in Korea are giving up their lives so that we can live in a free and democratic world. The **least** we can do is to give to the Red Cross, and to give generously.

Remember, if you contribute today, you may save a soldier's life tomorrow. Make the Red Cross drive a success!

Mary Gucciardi, '51

MAKING THE MOST OF TIME

Recently, I read an article which made a deep impression on me. It dealt with the idea of how wisely or unwisely we spend our day.

We are given twenty-four hours each day. Do we make good use of them? The author of the article likened each hour to a dollar bill and suggested we budget our hours as we would our money.

The main thing is to spend our time wisely. He said an hour in which we buy a well-prepared lesson is a thing of permanent value and is an hour wisely spent. Some hours are needed to buy lasting friendship. Still other hours can be wisely spent by doing useful work, both for ourselves and our communities.

At least eight or ten of a day's hours we should spend for sleeping. Some of our time, of course is spent in relaxing, eating, and other necessary pursuits. If too much time is spent on merely resting and not in accomplishing anything worth while, we are just throwing away that which could have been put to good use, instead of buying something that would have been valuable to us both now and in the future.

Our success in later years may largely depend on what we buy with the hours which are given us to spend now. Budget your hours carefully!

Nancy Burke, '54



LITERARY

SPRING IS HERE!

I had the most wonderful winter in Florida. There was nothing but sunshine and rest. But when I returned home, I received the strangest welcome.

When I put in an appearance, everyone stared at me. People kept very still and then discussed me in low tones as if I were a criminal or unusually queer. I saw no reason for their unexplainable actions, for I was very well dressed. I wore my nicest brown coat and a beautiful red vest. Or aren't red vests in style?

When I went to the market to purchase my Sunday dinner, everyone stared at me. A body doesn't have to starve, does he? We all have to eat.

There are other necessities in life, like providing a home for one's family. I've seen most people go about it without causing a tremendous uproar. When I went about building a house, everyone exclaimed or tried to tell me what to do. There is a lot I could tell them about building a house.

I do not understand people's strange attitude towards me. In spite of their actions, I somehow make people happy. Why I cause a commotion I do not know, for I am only the little robin that comes every spring.

Molly King, '53

THE TURTLE DERBY

The Turtle derby would be held tomorrow and I didn't have a turtle to enter. Realizing this tragedy, I immediately set forth to find a

turtle with outstanding speed and stamina. The woods were filled with turtles, and knowing this I had no worries about finding one.

Presently I came upon the neck of woods where I knew were numerous turtle hideouts. With gleaming eyes, I spotted a species of the Chelonia Tribe. This land animal was a good-sized tortoise weighing approximately one pound.

Before entering this turtle in the derby, I decided to examine it for speed and durability. Upon touching this creature, it immediately closed itself inside its carapace and pastron. Knowing that this tortoise wouldn't win anything but the booby prize, I left this introvert and ventured farther into the thick growth of trees.

While in search of another prospect I heard faint scratches, and looking about I saw a turtle running madly, no doubt exercising. Here was a turtle, I thought, that really had the makings of a winner. Closing in on it and taking it by surprise, (it was the only way I could catch it due to the fact that it was so fast), I found that this turtle wasn't afraid of Man. He didn't close up, but instead he stuck his head out as far as he could to see what it was all about. "This is for me", I said as I looked over my potential winner. Here was a turtle that wasn't afraid to stick his neck out and venture forth and increase his knowledge.

Yes, that turtle won the race and got ahead in life. He made something of himself. But, he was no different than any other winner,

because all winners, whether winners of a race or winners of any other goal, need perseverance, stamina, and willingness to venture forth to new ideas and horizons. With these qualities one can almost assure himself of success.

Nick Cardwell, '52

THE INSIDE STORY OF "THE THING"

I'm sure you've all heard of the plight of the poor unfortunate who found "The Thing". But do you know the inside story of "The Thing" itself?

The story began at the secret island fortress of that notorious, crooked, scientist, Dr. Ulysses, "The Dome", Kropotkan. Because he was forced into seclusion and had to curtail his criminal activities as he was wanted by the law, he had a burning hatred against the world. One day as he sat, brooding as usual, an idea came to him. He would get even with the world by inventing the most hideous product that could be conceived by science.

At once he began his work on "The Thing"! After many months of labor, it was completed. He decided to put it into a crate and cast it into the sea, hoping that someone would find it. But every night afterwards, the thought of it haunted him until he finally died. What became of "The Thing"?

For many years "The Thing" floated about the sea lanes of the world, but no one paid any attention to it. Finally it floated into a small bay and was pulled out and opened up by the poor unfortunate mentioned above.

I'm sure you're all wondering now what "The Thing" is. Well, you've heard my part of the story and as for "The Thing" and what it is, your guess is as good as mine.

David Jackson, '54

DISAPPEARING WINTER

It was about four o'clock and just beginning to get dark as the dejected pair rode slowly back to the encampment. They entered an igloo set apart from the rest of the village by a short, though sturdily made, bridge.

The opening appeared to have been carved carefully with a delicate design, something like that which the famed, but legendary character "Jack Frost" might have created. Inside, and directly opposite the opening to the igloo, was seated an old, white-haired man, with a troubled, somewhat angry countenance.

"Well," he anxiously mumbled to the intruders, "what's the story?"

One of the characters, clothed in apparel of sparkling material and appearing like a figure made of new-born snow, timidly replied, "Bad news, Sir, only one survivor"—"who is critically injured," finished the other inhabitant of Winterland.

"Where is he? I must speak to him at once."

The three hurriedly left through the entrance previously described. Outside, the last survivor hung onto a near-by bush for support. This icicle, a member of Old Man Winter's fairyland, groaned as Old Man Winter questioned him.

"What has happened to all my icicle workmen?"

"Let me tell you quickly," said the remaining icicle, "for I fear my end is creeping closer."

"I once was an icicle, long and bright,"

Drip, drip, drip!

"Sparkling and dazzling and clear and light,"

Drip, drip, drip!

"I loved the frost above everything;

But now it is much too mild, like spring,"

Drip, drip, drip!

"I shall surely melt out of sight!"

Drip, drip, drip!

"When all the world shivered, I prospered the more,
But now the best of my days are o'er."

Drip, drip, drip!

"I hate the heat of the great, bright sun,

Because now my hours have run!"

Drip! D-r-i-p! D—r—i—p !

And the icicle was done.

"Oh!" shivered the old man and his two companions as they looked blankly at the remains of the once happy-go-lucky icicle workman.

"So, 'tis that youthful maiden Spring and her sun that are causing our ruin. I hate to say this, boys, but I fear we shall have to push farther north. 'Tis only a matter of weeks now till she will officially declare Spring."

The alarm was sounded and the Winterland people all hurriedly prepared to move.

And now this theme, or call it a dream, has ended and winter slowly moves on.

Beverlee Thomson, '54

SATAN

The horse was black as night and his name was Satan. My uncle and I had roped him the day before, and twenty-four hours later I took the risk of trying to saddle the wild stallion in the corral alone. But he was stubborn. He'd stand on his hind legs and paw the air wildly, forcing me to draw back time and time again.

Once when I thought I had finally calmed him, I approached calling softly to him, the saddle ready in my hands. I was but a few feet away from him when in a flash, his huge, black body was in the air towering above me. I threw myself to the side, rolling away as far as possible, but even so, his great body came within inches of me. It was

like that the day after and the next. There I was, hour after hour, circling the corral, getting him within inches of the saddle.

Like a miracle, on the sixth day I noticed a change. As I unlocked the gate of the corral, the unexpected happened. Instead of rearing up at my approach, he hobbled suspiciously over to me. Nervously I dug into my pockets for the sugar I had reserved for him. I extended my hand and brought it cautiously upward. His head jarred and he took a step backward, but then, as if on a second impulse, he stepped forward again, sniffing the sugar in my right hand. Finally, on his taking it, I slowly lifted the saddle in my left hand. Quick as lightning it was in place and I was upon him.

He leaped upward screaming, then galloping round and round in circles, but I knew it wouldn't be long now. And it wasn't, for after thirty minutes of wild riding, this huge, beautiful animal gradually slowed down to a trot, then stood, tall and straight and perfectly still. I had won!

Jane Morse, '52

"A BIT OF REMINISCIN'"

The date was April 25, and the day itself could not have been more miserable. A teeming rain, which had started about midnight, had put an end to all hopes for a beautiful spring day.

It was still raining at two in the afternoon, but the North Station in Boston was the same as ever — thronged with an anxious crowd which was hurrying to get home for a nice, long weekend. Everyone, who was either waiting impatiently for a train or was just arriving from a tiresome trip, was dressed in all sorts of rain apparel. Cheery greetings and sorrowful farewells were all mixed up and finally lost in the great excitement of the mass.

Yes, everyone was busy with his own particular life this rainy afternoon, everyone except one person—Old Dan Shanon, who ran the hot-chocolate booth at the back right-hand corner near the magazine stand. Dan had worked in the North Station since—well, I don't know how long. If you asked Old Dan he would probably say, "Let me see now, I guess...No, it's longer than that. Yes, it's about," and so on. It seems as if Dan had always been there with his delicious hot-chocolate that never failed to pep up a weary traveler on the last lap home.

But today, although he ordinarily enjoyed his job, Dan began to feel a bit melancholy. He felt as old folks often do, as if he would like to do, "a bit of reminiscin'," as he would so affectionately put it. So, since business wasn't especially good today, everyone being in a hurry for his week-end vacation, Dan decided to take up his favorite hobby—watching the crowd.

Dan always had an extra special way of speaking about these traveling folks. Sometimes he referred to them as "good customers", but when he was in his very best mood Dan would say "My Big Family." And they were his big family, too, even though they probably didn't realize it. Dan, many times, would give them advice, cheer them up, and, yes, even dream about them in his sleep.

The first person who caught Old Dan's eye as he began his favorite hobby was a little boy about three or four years old. He was so bundled up that he could hardly move in his fire-engine-red rain coat, his wide red brimmed hat, and his "cowboy" overshoes. But with the able assistance of his mother, he doggedly made his way toward the magazine stand where mama purchased a paper.

Right beside the magazine stand was the novelty booth where all sorts of things were featured. So, being a bit impatient because, "Mama, you're taking an awful long time," our little hero ventured over to investigate the "pretty things." The first article which struck his fancy was a little fur dog with big googlie eyes. But mama soon came along and the battle began. "But I want it, Mama, and it's soooo pretty," he babbled in his most pleading voice.

As Dan watched these two, he started to slip way back into the dim past of his little-boyhood. He could picture himself being just as insistent and demanding, but specific instances failed to come to his memory. As he returned to reality, he lifted up his head and was just in time to see mother and son making their way toward their train. By the way, the little fellow was now the one and only possessor of the googlie-eyed dog!

"Hey, Mr. Shanon," someone said and Old Dan let his elbow, which had been supporting his grey head, fall off the counter in amazement.

"Why, Johnny," he exclaimed, "What will it be today?"

"A big one, Mr. Shanon, with three scoops of marshmellow," Johnny told him, making expressive gestures of anticipated delight with both his tongue and eyes.

"Coming right up, my boy," Dan said as he quickly made Johnny's drink.

Johnny was about twelve years old. Today, he told Dan, he was traveling all by himself to get Dad's watch which was being repaired at the jewelers. It was Johnny's first solo trip to Boston! Excitement was revealed in the sparkle of his eyes, as he talked to Dan about his coming adventure. He was all of five miles away from his hometown, Dorchester, and Dan understood the boy's feeling. In fact he felt such

an affection for this little fellow that he told him the hot chocolate was "on the house". This gave Johnny's spirit such an uplift that he practically lost that third marsh-mellow which was so elaborately ducking the top of his hot chocolate. "Thanks loads, Mr. Shanon," Johnny threw over his shoulder as he skipped away from the booth. And as Dan watched this happy-go-lucky little fellow, he found himself in his own boyhood again. "It's strange," he thought, "How well I remember my first trip all by myself to the Big City. Gee, kids are lucky!"

Well, now it was about four in the afternoon. Dan had about one hour more before it would be closing time for him. At five o'clock that young lad called Bill Sullivan took over the stand through the evening. "Bill Sullivan—yes, he's a good lad," thought Dan. "But, did I act so foolish-like at eighteen? All he thinks about is Sally, his girl friend. Sally's name is engraved on that bracelet he carries in his pocket, Sally's letters are always falling all over the place, and Sally always receives such attention whenever she stops by the booth. Oh, here he comes now," said Dan, "and look who's with him—Sally!"

Suddenly a family party attracted his attention.

"Wait a minute, Jackie," the father was saying.

"Oh, gee, I had it first, Dad," said the little boy.

"Well, let your sister have a turn. But where is she?"

"Now, Mary, you'll have to keep those bundles over there."

"It's train time, Daddy."

"O. K., let's go, but where's sister?"

Yes the typical American family man with all his little "headaches" was having a very hard time making his way through the station. But even though he was traveling under many difficulties, he was

loving every bit of it. Dan could remember his family very well. Even though they were all grown-up now, with families of their own, he could easily picture Jackie, the oldest, Rosemary, then Ellen and Jane, the twins, and baby Andrew. Yes, they were all there before him now, frolicking about in their own lovable ways. Perhaps they weren't exactly the same persons, but that didn't make any difference, for didn't Dan call these people his family?

The five o'clock train whistle blew, which meant that another day had ended for Old Dan Shanon. He would go home to the little apartment he shared with his eldest daughter and her family. But, even though he didn't realize it, this day had been really worth-while for Dan. He had, in a sense, lived a whole life-time in one short day. From boyhood to manhood, Dan Shanon had seen himself in others this day, and strangely enough, he had enjoyed it.

So, as he walked slowly through the teeming rain and up the steps of his apartment house, Dan gave a long deep sigh. It seemed to express sadness and a bit of weariness, but, at the same time, a great deal of happiness. "It's been a fine day," Dan told his daughter, "A very fine day, dear."

Ann Hickey, '51

TRAIN RIDE ON A RAINY DAY

Making a journey by rail on a rainy day is a rather disagreeable experience; however, there are many things to catch your interest.

The cars on such days are generally hot and uncomfortable. The windows are covered with steam, and the raindrops, as they run down the outside of the dirty panes, form long streaks which make it impossible to see what is outside. Sometimes several large drops will form,

and if the train is moving fast enough, these drops, as they slip down the window, begin to revolve rapidly, forming miniature whirlpools, with the cinders they have picked up. The only way to see anything outside under these conditions is to take the last seat in the car by the window at the rear platform.

This window is protected somewhat from the rain, and it is possible to see the wet track as it rolls out behind the train. Here you ride directly above the wheels, and, as they go along, the rail joints make a dull watery slash instead of the sharp metallic click you hear on fair days. The rails, instead of being bright and shiny, are covered with a brownish rust. The smoke hangs low over the track, and once in a while some of it swoops down on the rear platform, covering it and everything on it with a dirty mixture of cinders, soot, and water.

As the different stations are passed, people are seen running from the train to catch cars, taxis, or buses, or they are waiting for friends to rescue them with umbrellas. This reminds you that soon your time will come to get off, and it makes you feel thankful to know that your umbrella is standing beside you to get you to your destination safely.

Martha Cavallaro, '54

TELEVISION

Television may be a great invention but it changes the lives of everyone who comes in contact with it.

To prove my point, let's take an ordinary family named Jones. Now Mother Jones' main trouble is that she can't knit and watch TV at the same time, and until she overcomes this obstacle the family goes without her warm woolen socks and sweaters. She also tries out many

queer recipes from the variety of cooking shows that she views in the afternoon, which look fancy, but which don't quite suit the appetites of her family.

Junior's gang, that used to be seen playing in the vacant lot on weekends, now assembles in front of the screen to watch Hopalong Cassidy ride the range, and the confusion is almost unbearable.

But Saturday night is the worst of all; company starts arriving, the living room furniture is moved into theatre positions, and everybody runs for the best seats. The first presentation is an old movie made in 1935 which is called a "flicker." This name describes it well. A discussion always arises concerning the actors and if they are still alive. This continues until the wrestling matches. The noise that follows is deafening. Mother is calling the villain every name in the book, and between breaths naming all the holds. One o'clock the next morning arrives, and your company finally departs. You stagger to bed.

If none of this happens at your house and you have a room to rent, please notify me.

Donald DeAdder, '53

THE LIFE OF A PIECE OF PAPER

Have you ever thought you would like to be a piece of paper? If you haven't, let me tell what that kind of life might be like.

Here I am, piled in the teacher's drawer with the rest of my friends. It is almost my turn to come out. An English class just came in. The teacher is taking us out of the drawer. The students must be going to have a test.

Out we come! Here I am, being passed out. Who will have me? A nice girl who will write well? Oh no, Johnny is taking me! This

means I will be scribbled on. Sure enough I am.

Now what? Johnny is borrowing an eraser. His answer must be wrong. Ow! That hurt, but of course he can't hear me. Why can't he be easy on me?

The test is finished and down the aisle I go to the front. The teacher has picked me up. Now I go in his record book with the rest.

Where am I? This must be his home. I guess the teacher thought he would correct his papers quickly and get it over with. He is looking me over. Johnny, why couldn't you be smart instead of making the teacher put crosses on me. What was the mark? "A"? "D"? Oh no, it can't be! Now I know I will be crumpled up for the basket and then thrown in the fire.

The next day at school, the teacher passed us back to our owners. Johnny had a disgusted look on his face when he saw the mark. Sure enough he crumpled me up just as I had thought he would and put me in the waste basket as he left class.

Oh, why couldn't Mary, Peggy, or someone like these girls have had me? I would be very proud to have a nice mark on me and be handled with care and brought home to show to Mother and Dad. But no, I get put in the waste basket!

It must be the close of school for here comes the janitor. Oops, here I am in another, but larger, basket. Out doors we go. Down in the rubbish pile we all slide. Gee, it's getting hot here! Up we go in flames! It was nice knowing you all, even if I did get into Johnny's hands.

Elsie Seymour, '53

DOWN WITH JAZZ!

How can you escape it? It is everywhere you go except in opera houses and concert halls. What is it? Modern music, if it can be called music.

If you turn on a radio it blasts out at you; if you turn on a television set you are bound to see a band of 5 or 10 insane persons jumping, yelling, and attempting to play jazzy instruments like the saxophone, all at once. After turning off the radio and TV sets you go outside only to hear people whistling the same old jazz.

What is a person who likes classical music supposed to do? On the radio only one night and a few afternoons a week can classical music be heard, on television, one half hour a week. The rest of the time you have to try not to listen and watch a lot of maniacs play a bunch of notes thrown together by another maniac called a composer. The long-winded make the saxophones and trumpets blare forth, the short-winded bang away at a piano or drums. If these people ever heard of Brahms, Offenbach, Wagner, Rachmaninoff, Tchaikovsky, or Beethoven it must have been a miracle.

After writing this essay, I was approaching my house when I spotted a group of jazz friends nearing it from the other direction. I made a mad dash for the door and locked it after me. I turned up the volume of the record player as the second movement of Brahms Sonata Number Two for Clarinet and Piano began.

Dana Freeman, '53

TWO EXTREMES

It is June 29, the first night at "Sock-and-Knock-It Camp for Girls" for the girls in Tent 4. The counselors are just telling the girls to be quiet for the night. Then, everyone being settled, silence prevails.

Even in Tent 4 there is no noise, but not for long, because a sound is heard outside the tent. Naturally the girls are frightened, this being the first time they have slept in the

woods. They pull their beds into the middle of the tent for protection. But the noise is heard again. This time the girls decide to sleep two in a bed. The noise is not heard again so, as two girls do not fit comfortably enough in a cot for sleeping purposes, they fall to talking.

The counselors, hearing the girls talking, go to their tent and tell them to be quiet. Looking into the tent, they see all the cots pulled into the middle of the floor and half of them vacant. They command the girls to move their beds, while they lecture on the follies of sleeping too close to one another. The girls meekly obey them. Silence again prevails—this time for the night.

It is July 13, two weeks later, the last night at "Sock-and-Knock-It Camp for Girls" for the girls in Tent 4. Once more the counselors are telling them to be quiet for the night. But does silence prevail? Oh, no, not in Tent 4. The girls chitter-chatter for an hour before the counselors are finally able to quiet them.

A noise is heard outside the tent. Instead of huddling together, the girls utter blood-curdling screams, not from terror but from the desire for making noise.

The counselors come to the tent outraged. Do the girls heed their commands and threats? Just guess! They rush past the counselors into the night, screaming and yelling, waking up the other girls.

What a difference two weeks at camp has made in them!

Mary Lou Duffy, '54

ALONE IN THE ARCTIC

It all began when three members of an arctic patrol started out on a routine trip. The three men were five miles out of camp when Jack Hurley heard an outcry from his two companions. Rushing to the scene of the commotion a ghastly

sight greeted his eyes, for not fifteen feet to his left was a black empty space in the other-wise smooth white expanse.

When he reached the brink of the crevice he peered down. The crevice was bottomless. A haunting feeling of loneliness crept over him. He was alone in the Arctic.

Although he was only five miles out of camp, his arctic knowledge told him a blizzard was in the offing. If he were to start for the outpost now he might never reach it, for he well knew these storms struck with the speed of lightning and sometimes lasted for days. He soon realized he would be forced to wait the storm out.

He hastily set about preparing to meet the blizzard. Each and every resource must be used to its fullest extent. In his pack he had a small nylon pup tent and a sleeping bag. In a matter of minutes he had secured a small but sufficient storm hut. Carrying in all his possessions, he soon realized he might never get back to his outpost alive, for, although it was not yet storming, already the signs he and his unfortunate comrades had made were being blown from the trail. No sooner had he reached the safety of his camp than the storm hit. In his camp he made note of his resources. He found he had food for six days and, if necessary, it could stretch over nine. He also had thirty feet of nylon cord, one set of snow shoes, his sleeping bag and tent. He decided to turn in.

Upon awakening, he found the storm had spent its force. Despite this, it had created havoc for not one marker remained in sight. It would be three days at least before another patrol would come by. He knew finding the outpost would be an easy matter if he had a compass, but unfortunately, one of the lost members of the patrol had had the only one. He wandered

away from his camp in hope of finding some markers. But he did not notice a sunken, shallow spot on the snow and, like his comrades, he was overcome by man's constant enemy—Nature.

Arthur Lynch, '54

FLYING DISCS

Yesterday, something took place at the University that's really something to think about. You can take it for what it's worth. Yesterday afternoon all seniors in science classes were taken from their classes to the library, where some reportedly high authority gave them a lecture on flying discs. Now don't laugh, wait until you read the rest of this. I've heard that he wouldn't disclose his name or who he represented, but here are all the facts, as taken down from the lecture:

1. Four flying discs have been found and are in possession of this country.

2. 16 people on each large saucer were 4 ft. tall, approx.

3. 1 string from material of their clothing bore 450 lbs. of tensile strength.

4. Watches found on bodies revolved once every 29 days, or one magnetic month.

5. Food and water on ship twice as heavy as we use. Food in form

of wafers that puff up when in water.

6. Colorado, Wyoming, N. Mexico, and Arizona in line of magnetic field.

7. Discs made of unknown element, hermetically sealed.

8. 9999 ft. in diameter. So light that three men could lift up one edge. Metal won't melt in 10,000° F.

9. Doors in ships so perfectly fitted they couldn't be detected.

10. Panel board had all push button—no wires—just gears.

11. Eight scientists doing research (in N. Mexico) saw disc and six men that just disappeared when approached.

12. All have radio, high shrill noise emitted from them every hour.

13. One ship had nine men, died of bends. Dissection showed organs normal 4 ft. high, resembled Caucasian race—no hair.

14. White mice and guinea pigs thrived on wafers found in ship.

Well, there is the whole story. It sounds incredible, I know, but why or how would he be allowed to give the talk at the school if there wasn't some foundation or truth to them? It's now up to you to believe it or not! Frankly, I'm still baffled and bewildered. What do you think?

Florence Towne, '52





POET'S CORNER

APOLOGIES TO JOYCE KILMER

I think that I shall never see
A mark as lovely as a "B";
A "B" whose presence on my test
Would bring a thrill unto my breast.
A "B" whose sweet appearance
there
Would bring me joy beyond com-
pare.
A "B" I strive for day by day!
(I dare not hope to get an "A".)
To plod thru English all in vain,
And French declensions bring me
pain.
Honors are made by he and she.
But still, I'd settle for a "B".
Lorraine Gibson, '53

BOOKS

Some read for pleasure, others for
mirth,
I read for joy and all that its worth.
I like the thrilling, the scary, the
nice,
I like books seasoned with daring
and spice.
Some enjoy the "magnificent stuff,"
Others don't care—and that's really
rough.
Give me the varied, fictitious and
true,
Every book, and not just a few.
Joan Nery, '51

VALENTINE

Some people say romance is pink
But, of course, I myself do think,
That flowers and hearts,
And romance and darts
Are nothing but headaches and
kinks.
Joan Nery, '51

THE NEEDLE

A little old needle that in and out
goes,
A little old needle that keeps on its
toes.
It stitches and mends,
It patches and tends
To keep you in trim for your beaux.
Joan Nery, '51

DRIVING LESSON

You get into the car, and shut the
door.
You're ready to drive—o joy galore!
You turn on the key that's on the
dash.
You shift the gears until they mash.
You hit the starter till it gets
going,
(You should've stayed home—knit-
ting and sewing.)
You let up on the clutch, your
efforts are futile.
You've left the gears standing in
neutral.
Everything is set, you want to be
gone,
But dog-gone it, the emergency's on.
But sooner or later—I wish (and
hope)
You'll get the car going, you little
———!

Alas and alack, we're off in a spin:
Make up your mind which lane
we're in.
Watch the light, give the horn a
blast.
Look out! That man!! We're going
to -C-R-A-S-H-
Arthur Awley, Alumnus

TALK OF THE SCHOOL



One of the most popular topics of our daily conversation seems to be the condition of our school. Should the town of North Andover build a new high school? Just take a look at our building.

Improper lighting is one of the main problems. The whole school is poorly lighted and that doesn't do a world of good for our eyes. I doubt if some of you have ever taken a good look at the lights because you become accustomed to taking such things for granted—but the problem is still there.

How can you concentrate and study for tests if you happen to be in a room anywhere in the vicinity of the Type Room or Chemistry Lab? I really shouldn't even call it a Chemistry Lab. Don't you suppose the science teachers would much rather have one room especially for science and a nice Lab for experiments? Surely they would, and everyone knows it.

Sound-proof rooms would probably mean easier concentration in study rooms and better marks on tests. We need a larger library so more students can study there when they want. Classes, by no means, should have to be held in the Lunchroom, Hall or Library. Each of these rooms is for a special thing, and that is not for classes.

The health of the students is of great importance, and the temperature of some of the rooms during cold winter months is terrible. We shouldn't have to walk around with heavy coats on.

Then there is the gym. That is

almost unmentionable. We need a much larger gym with portable bleachers. Then more students would try out for basketball and more would attend games. Who knows but the parents might come as a result of some kind of a "Boosters' Organization", and back up the school?

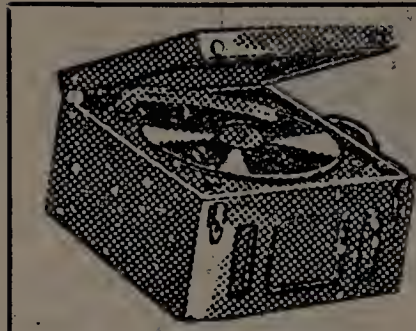
There you have a few of the problems we face. Not one thing I have said can be denied very easily. Now, what can we do to get a new school? First, take this article home and present it to your parents. When they question you, go into detail. Let them know all the facts. Second, keep after them until they agree to go to the Town Meeting and vote for a new school. I think all the people need is a few facts. Well, get out and give it to them. If we don't, no one will. It won't help us, the present students of Johnson High, if they do decide to have a new school built, for we would be out before it was completed. I hope every student, teacher and parent reads this article and thinks, really thinks. Wouldn't you be proud to say,

"We took the first major step toward a new J. H. S.?"

It has always been the custom at Johnson to serve a light lunch to the chaperones at the dances, but the chaperones at the Prom Benefit Dance were lucky enough to receive an unusual treat. This treat was no less than a genuine devil's food cake, made by three representatives of the Chefs' Club, — Fred Marland, Mike Scheipers, and

Eddie Saul. The cake was topped by some delectable mocca frosting, made from an original, secret rec-

ipe. It must be said that the Waldorf's top chefs couldn't have done a better job.



RECORD

FRESHMAN CLASS

We welcome a new member of our Freshman Class, Janet Nichols, from Lawrence High School.

Janet would like to be either a registered pharmacist or a private secretary.

She enjoys music, dancing, swimming, basketball, softball and many other sports.

We are all happy to have Janet as a member of our class.

I. T.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

This month the Sophomore Class had the privilege of welcoming a visitor, Lucille Smith, who was visiting Ann Walker and her family during her stay in North Andover. She lives in Townsend with her family, and attends Townsend High, where she is a Sophomore. She is a charming girl with a pleasant personality.

Also this month, three members of our class, Nancy Lawlor, Judy Cyr, and Carole Smith were given parts in the annual Johnson High School play. We're quite sure that they will all help to make the school play a success.

M. M.

JUNIOR CLASS RINGS

On March 7, we of the Junior Class received our class rings. A meeting was held at the close of school in Rm. 6. Mr. Grecoe, of Grecoe's Jewelry Store in Andover,

secured the rings for us. Everyone felt thrilled indeed as he was given his ring.

F. T.

SENIOR CLASS

A short time ago, all the members of the Senior Class assembled in the hall to choose their class song. Two very appropriate songs, both written to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," were sung by the Seniors and then voted upon. The song written by Mary Ann Maynard and Jane Broderick was finally picked as the class song to be sung at our graduation in June.

M. W.

MASSACHUSETTS ALL-STATE MUSIC FESTIVAL

On February 15, four seniors, Charlotte Adler, Mary Boyle, Roger Camf, and Richard Banks, went with Mr. Mosher, the music supervisor, to Worcester to participate in the All-State Music Festival. The all-state chorus, which consisted of about four hundred and twenty-five students from all parts of Massachusetts, was directed by Mr. John Raymond, who came from Lafayette College, Easton, Penn. Mr. Moshe Paranov, director of the Hart School in Hartford, Conn., conducted the orchestra which had about one hundred and twenty students in it.

A great part of the time was used for practicing. Although it was

hard work, it was fun! On Friday night, all work was suspended and the members of the chorus and orchestra were given a party in the Hotel Sheraton Ballroom. There was dancing, both modern and square, and plenty of refreshments for everyone. Although the students had a curfew hour, few made it. But the people in Worcester were so kind that they didn't report anyone.

The end of the Worcester stay came Saturday evening with the concert. It was held in the Worcester Memorial Auditorium which is a beautiful building that has a seating capacity of thirty-six hundred. Everyone was sorry when the concert was over, because it meant the end of the wonderful three-day visit at Worcester.

M. B.

SENIOR CLASS HONORS

The three top honors for the Senior Class graduation have been announced as follows: Valedictorian, Marjorie Terret; Salutatorian, Margaret Willett; Class Essayist, Barbara Watts.

At a class meeting, the Seniors chose Anthony Galvagna as Orator and Fred Marland as Class Marshall. Evelyn Roche and Bob Stewart were selected to write the Class Will, Mary Ann Maynard and Mike Schiepers the Class Prophecy, and Joan Nery and Fred Marland the Class History.

M. A. M.

PROM COMMITTEE

At the last class meeting, the Seniors picked six of their members to serve on the committee for the Junior—Senior Prom which will be held in June. The Seniors on the Committee are Joan Nery, Mary Ann Maynard, Paul Driscoll, Robert Stewart, Gerald Stewart and Fred Marland. The Junior Class members chose the following students to

represent them on the committee: George Knightly, George Schofield, Arlene George, Jack Shottes, Marion Bamford and Betty Duncan. The Prom Committee is now hard at work making plans for the biggest social event of the school year—The Prom.

M. W.

YEARBOOK DANCE

The annual Yearbook dance was held on Friday, February 16, in beautifully decorated Stevens Hall. This dance is held to raise money for publishing the Senior Class Gobbler. Although not as large a crowd attended as was hoped for, those who did come had an enjoyable time dancing to the music of George Emmons.

M. W.

MacINTOSH SPEAKING CONTEST

Three underclassmen walked off with top honors in the MacIntosh Speaking Contest this year.

Nancy Burke, class of '54, won first place with her essay, "The Meaning of America," by L. S. Barkdale.

Second place was won by Sandra Vose, class of '53, who chose for her topic, "Thomas A. Edison," by Charles Eaton.

Paul Donovan, class of '53, took third prize with his essay, "The Cross of Gold," by William J. Byron.

The contestants were judged on memory, poise, delivery, and voice. They were coached by Mr. John V. Donovan.

M. A. M.

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

Every student enjoyed the prize-winning pictures acquired by the photography club. These pictures, displayed in Room 8, came from the National High School Photographic

Awards Contest sponsored by the Eastman Kodak Company.

During the March 26 meeting, the club enjoyed a lecture and slides on "Photography in Criminal Investigation."

A. G.

HOBBY CLUB

Since the last report, the Hobby Club has had movies and displays concerning the hobbies of its members. Also, the members have given interesting reports on their various hobbies.

A. G.

COMMERCIAL DESIGN CLUB

This club for the past several meetings has been concentrating on dress design.

Principally it has been attempting to portray the very latest in fashion styles in an artistic manner, showing not only the customary views so acceptable to designers, but also the proper color schemes so important to the individual. When this is finished, it is hoped that the club members may continue on to impressionistic clay work and casting, concentrating not only on the plaster but also the lead molds.

J. T.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

The Commercial Club has been having an enjoyable time since the last report, seeing many interesting movies. A speaker and banker have entertained the girls during some club periods. At present, the club is working hard on a play which it will produce soon.

A. G.

BLOCK PRINTING CLUB

The members of the Block Printing Club have been busy cutting out flat points with which to stencil hankies, napkins and other lovely

articles. A display of the club members' work would be greatly appreciated by the students.

A. G.

KNITTING CLUB

The Knitting Club attended a Christmas party held by the Commercial Club. They also enjoyed the Dramatic Club play, "High Jinks at Hollister".

A. J. G.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club play "High Jinks at Hollister" was very successful. The members of the cast were: Nancy Burke, Pat Driscoll, Gerry Drummey, Betty Duncan, Pat Elander, Arlene George, Molly King, Nancy Lawlor, Claire Markey, Marjorie Midgley, Ann Nelson, Barbara Saul, Carole Smith, Ina Thomson, and Sandra Vose.

The capable directors were Lois Milliken, Hilda Shea and Dorothy Love.

The Dramatic Club is planning a fashion show for a forthcoming meeting.

A. J. G.

READING CLUB

The Reading Club members have been reading and discussing the writers and books of the eighteenth century. They have been particularly interested in the works of Dickens, Scott and Thackeray. They saw, and enjoyed very much the play which the Dramatic Club presented on February 26. The members are planning to see a play in Boston in the near future.

M. B.

CHEFS' CLUB

The members of this club have been busily learning how to become wonderful cooks. Lately they

have made some delicious corn chowder and some wonderful pancakes. Although they usually make much more than is necessary, the boys always finish all their food. Some day, perhaps, the rest of the students in school will sample some of their food.

M. B.

ALUMNI NOTES ON GRADUATES OF 1950

GIRLS

College—Marilyn Chase, Salem Teachers' College; Marilyn Caliri, Emerson College; Shirley Cole, Northeastern University; Elizabeth Cole, Union College; Patricia Drumme, Lowell Teachers' College; Margaret Hickey, Merrimack College; Rosemary Macklin, Lowell Teachers' College; Edith Massey, Union College; Barbara Stack, Lowell Teachers' College.

Business Schools—Bertha Curry, McIntosh; Ruth Thomson, McIntosh; Evelyn Devine, McIntosh; Mary Luzzio, McIntosh.

Junior College — Preparatory School — Sally Cristaldi, Green Mountain Junior College; Nancy Schuster, Northhampton School for Girls.

Schools of Specialized Training—Joan Wild, New England School of Art.

Nursing—Eva Lundquist, Burbank Hospital.

Working—Dorothy Alvino, Jean Arlit, Jane Brown, Joan Canty, Rae Long, Beatrice McKinnon, Eliza-

beth McLaughlin, Joan Narushof, Joan Richards, Ruth Sanford, Helen Conte.

At home—Kathleen Donnelly, Margaret Cruickshank, Gladys Curren Eldridge, Mae Murray, Virginia Kimball.

BOYS

College—William Alexander, Boston University; Elwood Foerster, Northeastern University; Anthony Forgetta, Boston College; Herbert Hayes, Union College; David Hamilton, Union College; Harry Thomas, Northeastern University; Raymond Lewis, Massachusetts Maritime Academy; William McGowan, Tufts College; Albert Midgley, Northeastern University; Douglas Robinson, Union College; Donald Smith, Northeastern University.

Schools of Specialized Training—Robert Dufresne, Franklin Institute; Thomas Finn, Franklin Institute; Raymond Florin, Haverhill Trade School.

United States Service—Raymond Canty, Navy; Paul Pitman, Air Corps.

College Preparatory — Arthur Thomson, Tilton Academy.

Working—David Balzius, Robert Bisson, Harry Beckworth, William Calder, Thomas Emmett, Joseph Finochiaro, John Girard, Robert Hagan, David Kelley, Daniel Long, Ernest Nelson, James McEvoy, David Rand, John Shola, Bruce Goodson.

At home—Albert Belanger, John Hay. T. C.





SPORTS



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Johnson's boys' basketball team struggled through a discouraging season against formidable opposition. A comforting factor in the results of this year's games was that the Johnson quintet won every game played on the home court. This fact indicates that had the Johnson "gym" been comparable to other courts, the road record might have been more impressive.

In personal achievements Captain Fred Marland, George Schofield, and Doug Alexander hit the twine with continual consistancy. At least one of these reached double figures in almost every game. This trio was chosen to represent Johnson in the polio fund all-star game.

The remainder of the team was made up of John Shottes, R. Beaudoin, R. Thomson, E. Saul, and G. Knightly. Unfortunately, the first two were lost from the team midway through the campaign.

Our jayvee squad was led by Bob Stewart; J. Zuill, C. Giribaldi, J. Palmierie, J. Cushing, J. Boyle, A. Cardwell, D. McLaughlin, and L. Coppetta provided the forces of the jayvees and the depth of the varsity.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Our girls' basketball team has been highly victorious on its home court, taking all but one tussle.

The Johnsonites proved difficult to overcome on the road also, as the

games played were not easily won by the opposing teams.

The girls came near to breaking Newburyport's undefeated record and, in Methuen, Ellen Driscoll's tallying disturbed the Methuen squad's rooters.

The season's results are as follows:

St. Mary's 19	Johnson 34
St. Mary's 17	Johnson 41(2nd)
St. Patrick's 25	Johnson 36
Haverhill 17	Johnson 30
Alumni 10	Johnson 29
Alumni 14	Johnson 16(2nd)
Tewkesbury 40	Johnson 13
Woodbury 30	Johnson 16
Newburyport 39	Johnson 16
Newburyport 31	Johnson 28
Methuen 44	Johnson 36
Methuen 15	Johnson 13(2nd)
Tewkesbury 37	Johnson 25

The top scorers of the team are:

Joanne Green	98
Betty Corcoran	96
Ellen Driscoll	73

Congratulations to Captain Roche who has completed her second and final season as Captain of the girl hoopsters. Her superb guarding has been a valuable asset to the team.

Here are a few "Remember Whens":

The dressing room at Woodbury was so cool and refreshing?

The girls from Tewksbury were so petite and demure?

We parked at the lake coming home from Newburyport?

The girls played the boys? Who won?



EXCHANGES

The Holton—Danvers High School, Danvers, Mass.

Your "School Scraps" pages were very unique and amusing. They gave a true picture of the school life at Danvers High. Everything from dances and musicals to school pranks and studies were pictured on these pages. And what made it especially good was the clearness of your photos. Congratulations Holton, well done!

The Blue and White — Methuen High School, Methuen, Mass.

Jean Hambleton does a wonderful job in compiling her Exchange Column for the Blue and White. She borrows poems, jokes, and makes comments here and there. The Blue and White must receive many exchanges to make this column so interesting. Keep up the good work, Jean!

The Lasell News—Lasell Junior College, Auburndale, Mass.

Your front page was certainly decorated very nicely, and beautifully too! Janice Weyls, Mary Jane White, Rae Harrington, Maggie

Warren, and Sally Ann Bartlett were all featured as "cover girls". They were chosen as nominees for "queen" of the Snow Ball. The students at Lasell must have had a difficult time to choose one from such an attractive five-some.

The Canary — Allentown High School, Allentown, Pa.

"Mary had a little lamb
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.
It followed her to school one day
'Bout which there was no rule.
The teacher gave it homework----
From then the lamb skipped
school!"

The Archon — Governor Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass.

The picture entitled "On The Firing Line At The Rifle Club" showed the boys of Governor Dummer enjoying out-door sports. Your magazine was again, as always, "tops" in ranking with all our exchanges. We at Johnson will be looking forward to reading your next issue of "The Archon".



JOKES

After placing some flowers on a grave in a cemetery, a man noticed an old Chinaman placing a bowl of rice on a near-by grave and cynically asked:

"What time do you expect your friend to come up and eat rice?"

The Chinaman replied with a smile, "Same time your friend comes up to smell flowers."

The M.Y.F. returning from the United Nations building in New York saw how the presence of the U.N. affected the Manhattan vernacular. During rush hour, they heard a subway guard yell at the crowd:

"Lookit where yah goin', see voo play!"

* * *

Bob: "I'd go through anything for you."

Ruthie: "Let's start on your bank account."

* * *

Dickie: "I don't know what I want to be when I graduate, a barber or an author."

Tony: "Why not toss a coin? Heads or tails."

* * *

Punky, at restaurant table to waiter:

"What's my offense? I've been on bread and water for two hours."

* * *

Jane: "Why won't you go out with that boy who works in a bank?"

Ellen: "Because he's a teller."

We are indebted to current periodicals and radio programs for our jokes.



‘ ‘ YOU ’ LL FIND IT ALL AT TREAT ’ S ’ ’

Everything in the Line of Sports

TREAT HARDWARE CORP.

582 ESSEX ST.

Dial 5115

25 Broadway

Lawrence, Massachusetts

“The House That Stands for Quality”

“THE RECORD SHOP”

F. J. LEONE CO.

RADIO AND APPLIANCES
TELEVISION

430 Essex Street

Lawrence

J. W. HERON

R C A RADIO & TELEVISION

93 Water Street

No. Andover

Cameracraft Shop, Inc.

509 Essex Street Lawrence, Mass.

Telephone 27732

D. Mangano & Sons

Plumbing and Heating Contractors

Telephone 21415

61 Essex Street

Lawrence, Mass.

Compliments of

FRED HILTON

RANGE AND FUEL OIL
EXPERT LUBRICATION

Cor. Salem and So. Union Streets
South Lawrence

Hollins' Super Service

RANGE AND FUEL OILS

— Expert Lubrication —

Massachusetts Ave. No. Andover

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

JOHN H. GRECOEWATCHMAKER - JEWELER
OPTICIANAgent for all Patterns of
Silverware made in AmericaTelephone 830-R
48 Main Street Andover, Mass.**GREAT POND AGENCY**

INSURANCE - REAL ESTATE

108 Main Street

Tel. 7620

A. F. COFFIN, INS. MGR.
S. A. DiMAURO, REALTOR**SULLIVAN TYPEWRITER CO.**RENTALS
(All Makes)NEW PORTABLES
(All Makes)

Telephone 25261

EXCLUSIVE ROYAL DISTRIBUTOR

98 South Broadway

Lawrence, Mass.

*Compliments of***Galvagna's Groceries**53A Union Street
Lawrence, Mass.*Compliments of***A. L. COLE CO.**STATIONERS AND OFFICE
OUTFITTERS

290-292 Essex Street Lawrence

*Compliments of***ABRAMO RE**MANUFACTURERS OF ITALIAN
STYLE PORK PRODUCTS

Boston, Mass.

**TROMBLY BROS.
SERVICE STATION**EXPERT LUBRICATION
IGNITION, CARBURETOR AND
BRAKE REPAIROil Burner Sales & Service
Range & Fuels - Wholesale & RetailTel. 31031 or 20657
Sutton Street North Andover
By-pass At Hillside Road**CASHMAN'S
SERVICE STATION**

Cashman Bros., Props.

GAS, OIL, BATTERIES, TIRES,
TUBES AND ACCESSORIES

Sutton Street North Andover

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

Compliments of

MESSINA'S MARKET

156 SUTTON STREET

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

SUMMERS' SUNOCO SERVICE

TIRES, BATTERIES AND
ACCESSORIES



148 Sutton Street No. Andover

BILL'S SPORT SHOP

Everything for the Sportsman

RADIOS, APPLIANCES,
TELEVISION

52 Main Street Telephone 7233
North Andover, Mass.

Compliments of

Finneran's Drug Store



130 Main Street
No. Andover

MEAGAN'S REXALL DRUG STORE

Telephone 28138
48 Water St. North Andover

SCHRUENDER SERVICE STATION

Chickering Road
North Andover, Mass.

CHARLES D. GLENNIE, Inc.

"Serving Greater Lawrence
Over Sixty Years"

Telephone 4150-4159
198 Massachusetts Avenue
North Andover, Mass.

FOULDS' HOME BAKERY



132 Main Street - - Tel. 21322
65 Beverly Street - - Tel. 31611

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

CENTRAL SERVICE STATION

BETTER LUBRICATION SERVICE

WILLARD BATTERIES

SEIBERLING TIRES

E. L. McINNES - L. W. DUNCAN

Telephone 21717

Railroad Square

Longbottom's Market

"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"



Tel. 6188 - 6189 - 6180

134 Main Street

No. Andover

THE THATCHED ROOF

North Andover, Mass.



J. A. LAFFERT, MGR.

Routes 125 and 133

Tel. 27732

Compliments of

NORTH ANDOVER

COAL CO.



JAMES R. DOOLEY, PROP.

J. VENTRE

CUSTOM TAILOR

CLEANING & PRESSING
& REPAIRING

138 Main Street

Tel. 5729

EVERY HIGH SCHOOL GIRL KNOWS

CHERRY & WEBB'S

IS TOPS FOR CLOTHES

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

PERFUMES

*To Suit Your Personality***CODY'S COSMETICS**

583 Essex Street Opp. Treat's
Lawrence, Mass.

T. J. BUCKLEY CO.

FURNITURE



284 Essex Street
Lawrence

Earlington's Sweater Shop*Sportswear for Men*

Telephone 26523
502-504 Essex Street Lawrence

*Compliments of***John R. Hosking, Stationer**

Tel. 7929
512 Essex Street Lawrence

Knuepfer & Dimmock, Inc.

- PIANOS
- MAGNAVOX TELEVISION
- RECORDS and SHEET MUSIC
- FRIGIDAIREs ● LUGGAGE
- MAGNAVOX RADIO
PHONOGRAPHS

The House that Reliability Built

286 Essex Street Lawrence

Telephone 23330

Caliri, Incorporated

DIAMOND MERCHANTS AND SILVERSMITHS

"Visit Our Silver Room"

447 Essex Street Near Hampshire Lawrence, Mass.

RAINCOATS

SPORTING GOODS

RUBBER FOOTWEAR

LAWRENCE RUBBER CO.*— Established 1886 —*

Tel. 25578
464 Essex Street Lawrence

**JOSEPH A. COLLINS
ELECTRIC SHOP**

WESTINGHOUSE
REFRIGERATORS
and
APPLIANCES

211 South Union Street
Lawrence

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

IF YOU WANT SOMETHING GOOD
COME TO

Macartney's

Essex Street

Lawrence, Mass.

ZUBER-CHOATE CO.

*The Home of Good Clothes
For Men and Boys*



Call for James Thompson

559 Essex Street Lawrence

SULLIVAN'S

THE BIG FURNITURE
STORE



226 Essex Street Lawrence

Compliments of

Saunders Studio

Your Aim Is Our Aim

Aim Dress Shoppe

Open 10 A. M. to 8:30 P. M.

DRESSES 9 to 24½

91 Marblehead St. - North Andover

A. B. SUTHERLAND CO.
DEPARTMENT STORE



309 Essex Street

Lawrence, Mass.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

SUTTON'S MILL

Manufacturers of

WOOLEN GOODS

For Women's Apparel

BEST
WISHES

ELLIOTT'S

236 ESSEX STREET
LAWRENCE

Compliments of

A FRIEND

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

DAVIS & FURBER MACHINE CO.



NORTH ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Compliments of

McCarthy's Delicatessen

"Famous for its Ham"

Tel. 20149 69 Main Street

Thompson's Restaurant

Specializing in
Steak - Chicken - Lobster Dinners

Tel. 4309
435 Andover Street Lawrence

Complete Equipment for Every
Sport

WHITWORTH'S

RUBBER AND SPORTING
GOODS STORE

581 Essex Street Lawrence

THE FURNITURE BARN

FINE FURNITURE
AT LOW PRICES

Wilson's Corner North Andover

Compliments of

ARTHUR ROBERTS' BARBER SHOP

LAMEY - WELLEHAN

Successors to D. D. MAHONY, & SONS

Shoes and Hosiery
for
Every Occasion



331 Essex Street Lawrence, Mass.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

CRANE HARDWARE CO.

Paints - Householdwares - Glass
and Electrical Supplies

Telephone 7787

73 Main Street North Andover

J. Phelan Groceries

87 Main Street

North Andover

"After The Dance"

THE HI SPOT

FOR BETTER FOODS

BILL'S AUTO SERVICE

William J. Arsenault, Prop.

— T H E —

James P. Hainsworth Insurance Agency

150 Main Street

No. Andover

Take Your Teen Age

Sewing Classes

at the

SINGER

SEWING MACHINE CO.

Telephone 6337

510 Essex Street

Lawrence

Compliments of

OATES, THE FLORIST



Frederick E. Allen

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

402 BROADWAY, LAWRENCE, MASS.

Phone 32427

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

Carl W. Knightly

Johnson High School — 1920

FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER

MODERN FUNERAL HOME



449 Broadway

Lawrence, Mass.

This Johnson Journal was printed by

BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY

13-15-17-19 CONCORD STREET - LAWRENCE, MASS.

TELEPHONE 4242

May we do YOUR next job of printing?

NO JOB TOO LARGE

NONE TOO SMALL

PROGRAMS, BUSINESS FORMS, LETTERHEADS,
CLASS BOOKS, CIRCULARS, POSTCARDS.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers